Blood Gulch Blues And Reds

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Author's Note: I, Bexxie, do not own Halo or Red Vs Blue. Nor do I own the characters in this, they are owned by Rooster Teeth. However, I do own the writing. That's mine, please and thank you. Enjoy reading and please review.

"Now it's time to pound some Caboose! Woohoo!" Cried Donut, quickly flying over to the only blue left alive. Every other blue had been killed, and so had every other red.

Caboose ran, trying to make a break for it. He raced away a few yards, his shoulder hitting his gun and sending a bullet straight into Donut's aircraft. It tipped and launched him into the air. Caboose grinned, "I won! I am the greatest! I beat everyone and now no one is left but me.." The aircraft fell on him, knocking him away. "Son of a bitch."

Donut blinked slowly, vision swimming. He was in his armor, looking out at blades of grass. What had happened? Oh, yeah, the battle.. He sat up slowly, letting his energy return to him. He felt tired, and his shoulder hurt really bad. That much he knew.

After a few minutes of rest he got up on shaky legs and began to walk back into the canyon. He heard mumblings and wandered over to the aircraft that had ejected him. Donut was surprised to find someone a few feet away. "Caboose?"

"Ad-admiral Buttercrust?" He whispered, coughing. "I hurt all

over.."

The soft whimper tore at him, and it WAS just Caboose. He was blue, but harmless. Carefully, with much huffing and puffing, he tugged the blue into a sitting position. Some of the armor was cracked and the blue's shoulder was bleeding.

"I'll help you, Caboose," Donut cried, his only friend couldn't die and leave him alone!

The injured blue looked up at him, smiling behind his helmet, "You're such a nice lady.."

Donut shook his shoulder gently, but the blue had gone quiet. Probably passed out. He tugged the heavy blue through the deathly silent valley, pulling him into a safe looking cave. He lay Caboose out as best he could, pulling off the armor around his hurt shoulder and poking at the rivulets of blood. Donut ripped the under-armor clothes off, wrapping them around the injury. That was the best he could do for now.

He had another job to do, try and save his team. Donut left the cave, walking quickly through the battlefield. He checked everyone, but nobody else had made it. As far as the sole surviving red team member could tell, nobody had come back as a ghost either.

Only he and Caboose were left.

Telling Caboose nobody else had survived the battle was tough. Holding the sobbing Spartan was tougher. He couldn't touch his side and yet the man was flailing. And strong. Donut ended up spending an hour with the sobbing man, and had the bruises to prove it.

Neither wanted to deal with the bodies of their friends, and enemies. Nor did they remark on the fact that they were all alone in a box canyon, as enemies, stuck together. They concentrated on surviving and getting Caboose healed.

Donut ran back to the nearest base, blue base (otherwise known to Donut as 'The Store'), and brought back food from it. Due to the fact that the sun never set he didn't bother making a fire or anything silly. He and Caboose ate and then reflected quietly on the recently transpired events.

Caboose broke the silence, "I miss Churchâ€¦"

"Me too?" Donut murmured questionably. He wasn't sure which blue one Church had been, but he hoped it was the nice one. Wait. That was Caboose, and he was right here.

"Church was my best friend.." Caboose inclined his head, resting it on his armor. Sniffling sounds ruffled over the radio. Donut knew he was crying.

"It's okay, Caboose.. I'll be your new best friend."

Author's Note: Adding more chapters later. I will finish these two, then start new pairings if I get enough reviews. Suggest a future pairing if you'd like! Please review.

End
file.